

The Washington Times.

Published every day in the year.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

PUBLICATION OFFICE,
Tenth and D Streets.Subscription rates to out of town points, postage prepaid:
Daily, one year, \$3.00
Sunday, one year, \$2.50

All communications intended for publication in The Times should be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, for the editor's information and as a guarantee of good faith. Manuscripts will be returned only when the necessary postage is sent for that purpose.

When The Times is not found on sale at places where Washington papers usually are sold, intending purchasers will confer a favor by informing this office of the fact.

Readers of The Times leaving the city should have the paper follow them. Addresses will be changed as often as desired.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1903.

Daily Calendar of American History

October 25.

1812—Frigate United States captured British frigate Macedonian.
1856—Pittsburg convention of soldiers and sailors held in opposition to the President's policy.
1870—Oliver P. Morton appointed minister to Great Britain, but declines.

Russia and China.

The Relations of Mongol and Russian Civilization.

In his article on the Eastern Question, which appears in this issue of The Times, Archer Butler Hulbert touches upon a matter which has been practically ignored by most of the writers on this subject—the blood relationship of the Russian and the Mongol, which makes it comparatively easy for the civilization of the former to adapt itself to the latter.

In the eyes of the Russian diplomat or publicist, this relationship is the keynote of the whole situation, and it may come to be so in the eyes of the world before the history of the Orient has gone much further. We have become so accustomed to regard the Anglo-Saxon race as the great civilizing influence on the nations of the earth, that we have nearly overlooked the fact that other races have as effectively, if not so noisily, gained control of barbarous or semi-barbarous tribes, and led them at least a few steps toward civilization. That is what the Russian has been doing with the Tartar tribes of Northern Asia, and what is likely to be done with China if the vast, irresistible force of the Slav forces its way into the walled empire.

The influence of the Russian over the Asiatic rests primarily on the fact that his conception of human life is very much the same. To the Asiatic the family, not the individual, is the unit of civilization and of religion. For this reason, the command of Christ to leave father and mother for the sake of faith seems to the Japanese essentially wrong. Centuries of Western teaching could not eradicate from Japanese or Chinese character this inborn conviction, that the family is the root of human society. Russian civilization also is built on the family. That of England and America is built on the individual, and while this system undoubtedly makes for individual and racial progress, by steadily eliminating the weaklings and enabling the strong to reach positions of power, it certainly does not fit its representatives for the understanding of other peoples reared on a totally different plan.

The Anglo-Saxon plan of civilization for conquered peoples rests on the assumption that they are to become Anglo-Saxons. The Russian plan does not require any such radical change. Possibly the Englishman or the American may do more good in the end, but he will not do it in nearly so short a time. Contrast the Russian occupation of Central Asia with the probable system by which Anglo-Saxons would have attempted the same task.

Under Russian rule the essential habits of the Tartar have not been disturbed. In so far as he could assimilate Russian customs, he has been encouraged to do so. There is no very great Russian population among the Tartars, nor is there likely to be.

The scheme of civilization which would naturally suggest itself to the Anglo-Saxon mind would be, first, the establishment of military posts and the extension of commerce; next, mission and other schools for the enlightenment of the native; next, perhaps, Anglo-Saxon immigration; all of which would inevitably have been attended with friction. At the end of twenty-five years or so of this system, the Tartars would undoubtedly be buying high hats, gilt mirrors, American-made rocking chairs, or some such trifles; many of them would speak, read and write English; some of them would be living in houses built more or less in imitation of English cottages; and there would be a

race problem spelled with capitals; but would the actual improvement in civilization be any greater than it has been under Russian rule? That is the question which the civilized world has to settle, and on its settlement may in the future depend many things.

The Art of Cooking.

And Its Importance in the Life of the Poor.

The Frenchman who made that remark about a land with fifty-seven different kinds of religion and only one sauce made an epigram whose force does not lessen as time goes on. The latest of the religions, which teaches that nothing is wrong with one's stomach if one only thinks that nothing is, was perhaps the logical outcome of the immense amount of bad cooking which is the curse of this country.

In opposition to the often-repeated assertion that the poor should be taught cooking, we find the incredibly foolish argument that if the wife of the workman learns to economize by making one dollar buy as much nutrition as two will now buy, she will be required to reduce her basis of living accordingly. In the name of common sense, why should she? It might as well be said that it is unwise for the members of labor unions to keep their families in health, since if they save doctors' bills they will be enabled to live on lower incomes and their wages will be reduced. A knowledge of cooking means health and comfort as well as economy, it means good constitutions; it means ability to get more out of life in every possible way.

It is quite true that the foreigner will take a minute sum of money and get more appetizing food out of it than an American will out of three times that sum; but it is also obvious that the American could, if he had that ability, make three dollars purchase three dollars' worth of comfort instead of one, and have luxuries where he now has only necessities. There are too many American women who regard cooking as an unworthy art, one to be shirked in every possible case. They regard the woman who does her own cooking as one reduced to necessity. The true point of view is that she takes that means of providing for herself luxuries—the luxury of good and dainty food, the luxury of good health, the luxury of a skill which queens and novelists and sages have been proud to profess.

Miss Burritt's Cat.

How a Cruel Tariff Separates a Poor Woman From Her Persian Pet.

Concerning that much discussed subject, the tariff, we have heretofore entertained the opinion that the Dingley law is all that its friends and supporters have asserted it to be—that it is a beautiful bestowal of Congressional blessing upon an unappreciative people. We have maintained that it is a righteously devised means of enabling philanthropic manufacturers to pay exorbitant wages and to distribute wealth equitably so that each might have his share and be happy and prosperous; in short, that it is a sort of get-rich-quick scheme, which has had the approval of the Postoffice Department.

Now, however, we are approaching the belief that we have all along been deceived, that instead of being that which it is claimed to be, it is a wicked and vicious institution, designed to promote misery and misfortune; that it is in fact all that our good Democratic brethren and the free traders have said it is—the source of all our woe—and that it should be revised, reformed, or reduced, or abolished, or that something should be done with it to the end that we may be relieved of the burdens which it bears.

In proof of this it is only necessary to cite the case of Miss Burritt's cat, now languishing in the Georgetown custom office. The story is this. Miss Burritt, a most estimable and kind-hearted lady, has all her life deferred matrimony and preferred cats. Among ladies the last is a sequel of the first. But that's her business; she has a perfect right to do so, and when we come to think of it, who can blame a lady for electing to have the companionship of a nice, glossy Thomas cat, with a soft purr, to a burly brute of a man, with a voice so harsh and cruel that the chandelier shakes when he speaks. Miss Burritt went to Europe and there purchased from a fancier a fine specimen of Persian feline, for which she is said to have paid \$60. On the way over, however, it seems the value of the cat depreciated, so that when she reached the port of New York Miss Burritt told the collector that the animal was an ordinary cat, worth only fifteen "plunks."

But a cat in the custom house is never worth so much as at the fireside. So it is with other treasures. Miss Burritt brought her pet home and carefully guarded it from the mon-

grel, back alley, midnight fighting cats of the neighborhood. But alas and alackaday! Collector Nymman, of the port of Georgetown, learned of the existence of the cat, and that it came in under a fifteen-dollar valuation. Now, you can't fool Mr. Nymman on the value of a cat. He is somewhat of a cat connoisseur himself. He knows the difference between a blooded feline and an ordinary mouser; he knows, too, that a Persian cat with a pedigree running back to the time of Omar Khayyam is worth more than a miserly \$15. So he proceeded forthwith to Miss Burritt's "cattery" and asked her several categorical questions about her cat. Not satisfied with the information he received, he consulted Assistant Secretary Armstrong, of the Treasury, and obtained his views.

Mr. Armstrong recommended the seizure of the pussy, and so, armed with a search warrant, Mr. Nymman, two inspectors, and a policeman proceeded to search the woman's premises for the feline. When they found it they placed it under arrest, and rudely, brutes that they are, carried it to a dungeon in the custom house, where it weeps and awaits appraisal by an expert catalogist, who is coming over from New York to judge of its value and collect duty. Meanwhile Miss Burritt is not only denied the comfort of her Persian beauty, but may be subjected to a heavy fine for undervaluing the animal, and it's all because of the tariff—the dastardly Dingley duties. If this isn't a shame, if it isn't a downright outrage, then pray expose something which is. So we say down with the tariff, down with collectors and inspectors, and schedules and custom duties, and let us have free trade at least in cats. Let a poor woman have her kitten.

The Use of Christian Names.

"Mr., Miss, and Mrs." Growing Unpopular in English Society.

The "London Globe" comments on the fact that in English society people have come to address one another as "Bobby," "Elizabeth," or "Letitia," instead of using the form "Mr.," "Miss," or "Mrs." It makes the statement that the use of these titles is now considered a proof that one is "bourgeois," and expresses regret that the staleness of the older form of address is becoming a thing of the past.

This is of a piece with the disuse of the forms "Yes, sir," and "Yes, ma'am," which has come to pass on this side of the water, and it must be said that neither fashion has anything but the fancy of the moment to recommend it. The advocates of the latter usage give as their reason that they do not wish their children to address them as "sir," or "madam," because servants are required to do this; which is, to say the least, rather silly, since it requires the servant to show more politeness than the heir of the house. Moreover, if the uneducated folk around us are impressed with the idea that politeness is a mark of servility, they will not improve in their manners, and that will be uncomfortable for us as well as unfortunate for them. In short, if the well-to-do and well-educated people in the community do not set the fashion of graceful manners, it is certain that nobody else will.

As for the fashion of using Christian names, which the "Globe" deplores, one would think that almost any sensitive person would prefer that the Christian name be reserved for the use of relatives and intimate friends, and not the common property of any chance acquaintance. Time was when it was considered disrespectful for any man not a near relative of a young lady to speak of her to an acquaintance without using the prefix "Miss." That custom may have been initiated by all the world by this time, but if all the world has grown polite, is that a reason for ungraceful fashions among the exclusive?

A daring medical man recently proposed euthanasia as a proper remedy for hopeless disease; but the trouble with that, if it became a custom, would be that there are too many people whose relatives might want to have killed.

The young ward of Elbert Hubbard, who ran away with somebody else when she was expected to marry Hubbard, junior, may have had some excuse. She was brought up in the family, and knew all about it.

Dowie's time has thus far been divided about equally between trying to get an audience and settling away the part of it that he does not want.

They are making a fuss now about using children as dummy directors in New Jersey. It really seems unjust. Is the glass-blower to be allowed to bring up his child to his own trade, beginning at a tender age, and the capitalist restrained from doing the same thing?

Dowie has succeeded in doing just one thing in New York. He has fastened upon his son the title of "The Great Unkissed."

Boston is henceforth to be famous for beans, brains, and baseball.

Questions and Answers

Hanna Not a Lawyer.
Will you kindly state whether senator Hanna is a lawyer. I know of no biography concerning him which says so, but a fellow law student says he is. I think he is wrong.

Senator Hanna began life as a grocery clerk, and afterward went into the iron and shipping business. He has never been known as a lawyer.

Diaz Church Still Standing.
Is the church built in Havana, Cuba, by the Rev. Mr. Diaz, Baptist minister, still standing?

The Diaz Church was an old theater remodeled. It is still standing in Havana, the title to the property being in the Southern Baptist Convention.

The Smallest Microbe.
Would you kindly inform me what is the smallest microbe yet discovered? STUDENT.

The grip bacillus is the smallest microbe yet discovered which affects man.

Germany's Cables and Cotton.
I am very much interested in Germany, and would like to know how many miles of telegraph cable she has, how much cotton goods she manufactures yearly, and how many people are employed in this industry. GERMAN.

Germany at present owns 10,220 miles of telegraph cables, or 1-24th of the entire system of the world; manufactures about \$200,000,000 worth of cotton goods yearly, and gives employment in its cotton industries of all kinds to over 1,000,000 workmen.

Peruvians Have Keen Smell.
Can you tell me what race of people has the keenest sense of smell? JOHNNY.

The aborigines of Peru are said to have the keenest sense of smell. On the darkest night in the thickest woods they can distinguish, respectively, a white man, a negro, and one of their own race, by smell.

Largest Gas Engine.
Can you tell me what and where the largest gas engine in the world is. Also the distance the heaviest trainload ever hauled by one locomotive? ENGINEER.

The largest gas engine in the world, having 5,000 horsepower, has just been completed by a Belgian manufacturer, and will be sent to St. Louis to supply part of the motive power at the World's Fair. The heaviest trainload ever hauled by one locomotive was one of eighty-four loaded cars, which was hauled a distance of sixty-three miles at the rate of thirteen miles an hour.

3,558 Bodies Cremated.
Would The Times tell me the number of bodies cremated in the United States last year? UNDERTAKER.

Three thousand one hundred and fifty-eight bodies.

Paper Telegraph Poles.
What is the latest development in the art of making paper useful? CURIOUS.

Paper telegraph poles is about the latest thing in the art. The paper poles, now used to some extent in Belgium, are said to be lighter and stronger than those of wood, and to be unaffected by causes which shorten the life of a wooden pole.

Facts About Pencils.
How long has K. Faber, the pencil manufacturer, been in business; where has he a place in the United States, how does he fix his graphite to make it hard and where does he get the red cedar to cover with? PENCIL.

The K. Faber Company has made pencils in Germany for the past 144 years. They began business in America in 1861, and now manufacture pencils in Newark, N. J. The graphite is given various degrees of hardness by the admixture of clay, and the best red cedar for use in pencils is that from Florida.

In a Lighter Vein.

The Berries of Pleasure.

By him who has eyes
That are eager and sound
The berries of pleasure
Can always be found.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Truly Unlucky.

"Do you believe that 13 is an unlucky number to have at the table?" asked the Mount Auburn man.

"I do," replied the philosopher, "especially when there is only enough dinner for twelve."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Her Choice.

He—Wouldn't you like to have a vote?
She—No. I'd rather have a voter.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Barnyard Lay.

There was a young farmer from Worcester;
For poultry he was a great breeder;
Because, one fine day,
A hen wouldn't lay—
He killed it, and found 'twas a rooster!—
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Humane Deed.

Snooks—Look here, waiter, this salmon—
Artful Waiter (briefly)—Was killed only an hour ago, sir.
Snooks—I'm glad to hear that you killed it, waiter, because it has been ashore so long that it must have forgotten to swim.—Boston Globe.

Eve's Prior Discovery.

"By observing the fall of an apple," remarked the inquirer, "Newton discovered the law of gravity."
"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "and thousands of years previous Mother Eve discovered the gravity of the law by biting an apple."—Chicago News.

The Grocer's Daughter.

I loved the grocer's daughter; yet
My love I did not dare admit,
For, like her papa's sugar, she
Was sweet, but very full of grit.
—Baltimore American.

The New York Extra.

Newsie—Extra! Four hundred found dead!
Rube Conson—Where? Where?
Newsie—In a graveyard! Extra! Extra!—Boston Globe.

The Objectionable Part.

"He's forever building air castles."
"I wouldn't mind his building them if he weren't forever talking about them."
"I see; you object to his hot air castles."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Troubles.

Now poor Wall Street, alas!
Well may it sigh and groan!
The time has come to pass
When money's hard to loan.
But others now there be,
Sure burdened with their sorrow,
Because they find, you see,
That money's hard to borrow.
—Indianapolis News.

Courts and Capitals of the Old World

By THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

New Era for Jockey Club.

Sir Blundell Maple's election to the Jockey Club has been said to mark the beginning of a new era in connection with that world-famed institution, which was founded in 1752, and it is an odd coincidence that it should have followed within a few days the demise of the old Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who was popularly regarded as the principal obstacle to the admission to the club of men who, although they had been conspicuous and honored figures on the turf for many years, were not according to old-fashioned ethics qualified by birth and social station to belong to what is the most aristocratic and exclusive club in the United Kingdom, if not in the entire world.

Time and again, did King Edward, both prior and subsequent to his accession to the throne, endeavor to overcome this objection on the part of the old rulers of the turf. In the club, taking the ground that sportsmen who had upheld the best traditions on the turf, and who, understanding horses, had devoted large sums of money to the maintenance of fine racing stables and to the development of the breed of race horses, should be admitted to the Jockey Club, as likely to prove useful members thereof. But in spite of his efforts and his sponsorship, the duke refused to give way, and in consequence of this, nearly three or four years have elapsed since there has been any addition to the roster of the club, candidates presented being invariably blackballed in the most merciless manner.

Maple a Tradesman.

In order to appreciate just what Sir Blundell Maple's election means, it is necessary to explain that he is the owner of the great retail furniture store in the Tottenham Court Road, one of the chief districts of London, and that he was knighted some years ago by Queen Victoria on the nomination of the late Lord Salisbury, as a reward for his large contributions to the exchequer of the Tory party. Later on he was advanced to the dignity of a baronet. For the past fifteen years he has been in parliament, and about the same time that he blossomed into a national legislator he developed forth as a country gentleman, becoming the owner of a grand old country place near St. Albans, the name of Childwickbury. A number of the rooms of the latter are decorated by Grinling Gibbons, and a feature of the house is its staircase with twisted walnut wood balustrade that dates back to the days of Queen Ann. The gardens are one of the glories of Hertfordshire, and the beech tree at the end of the lawn is the largest in England.

Sir Blundell has but one child, a remarkably handsome daughter, married to the stalwart Baron von Eckhardstein who for so many years was attached to the German mission in Washington, who was afterward for more than a decade first secretary of the German embassy in London, and who was a candidate for the post of envoy at Washington, prior to the appointment of Baron von Sternburg. Sir Blundell settled \$80,000 a year upon his daughter on her wedding day, and at his death she will inherit all the wealth of the multi-millionaire upholsterer.

The Bars Let Down.

Sir Blundell is certainly the first man engaged in retail trade who has been elected to the Jockey Club. Indeed the only other member of the club who is not either a nobleman, or else an English country gentleman of ancient and aristocratic lineage, is Leopold Rothschild. But now that the bars have been let down, there is no doubt that many others who do not possess these social qualifications will get into the club, at the doors of which they have been vainly clamoring for admission for a number of years past.

It would be a great mistake, however, to imagine for one moment that the action of the Jockey Club will in any way influence the attitude of the Royal Yacht Squadron, which, in connection with regard to yachting much the same position as the English Jockey Club does in the racing world, and there is just as little likelihood as ever of Sir Thomas Lipton being elected to the premier yachting organization of the world in recognition of his endeavors to win the America's Cup. The prejudice against him among the members of the squadron, mainly on account of his connection with trade, is today as strong as at the moment when he first issued his challenge for the cup, and not even all the backing which he has received from his sovereign is sufficient to overcome the obstacles which stand in the way of his flying the colors of this ultra-exclusive club.

It may be of interest to add that the stewards of the Jockey Club have just enacted a rule to the effect that "if any person shall be proved to have administered, for the purpose of affecting the speed of a horse, drug or stimulant, internally, by hypodermic or other methods, every person so offending shall be warned off Newmarket Heath and all other places where these rules are enforced." That is to say, off all British race courses, and to be "warned off" the Heath by the Jockey Club is the most terrible form of punishment that the organization can inflict, since it entails not only outlawry by the racing world, but likewise the most cruel form of social ostracism. The English Jockey Club has taken this attitude on the ground that "doping" is not beneficial to the English turf, or to the breed of English thoroughbreds, the two great things which the Jockey Club exists to foster, to protect, and to improve.

Innovation in Paris.

The Paris Jockey Club, by the bye, which some years ago distinguished itself by blackballing the Duke of Orleans, has just opened a new dining room for guests and friends of members, to which women will likewise be admitted. This is a startling innovation, and is largely due to that member of the house committee who looks after the creature comfort department, or, as he is called, the "Commissaire de la Table," the Marquis de Nodochel, who has under his orders that celebrated chef, Mouton, who has inherited from a long line of ancestors his culinary genius. At the union, where the president of the dinner committee is the Marquis de Modene, a dining room for guests of both sexes has not been arranged, while at the Cercle de la Rue Royale, a second dining room for women has just been added. In fact, I do not believe that there is any first-class club in Paris now which does not provide accommodation for women guests.

Young Lord Helmsley, whose engage-

ment to Lady Marjorie Greville, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, has just been announced, is the grandson and heir of the old Earl of Feversham, head of the House of Duncombe. The latter was founded by Sir Charles Duncombe, who was lord mayor of London at the beginning of the eighteenth century. At his death his property went to his sister, married to Thomas Browne, of London. The Brownes had a son and a daughter, and whereas the latter became Duchess of Argyll and figures in Sir Walter Scott's "The Heart of Midlothian," their only son took the name of Duncombe on inheriting his uncle's property. The country seat of Lord Feversham is Duncombe Park, in Yorkshire, a splendid mansion in the Doric style, originally planned by Van Brugh, according to whose designs it was rebuilt, after having been destroyed by fire, first in 1879 and again in 1894. It was bought by the Lord Mayor Duncombe who founded the family from the second Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in 1685.

Lord Helmsley's father died of consumption, to which his sister, the Duchess of Leinster, likewise succumbed, and it is to be hoped that the young lord, who has inherited all the good looks for which his family is so famous, and who will eventually inherit his grandfathers earldom and great property, will escape the malady which has been so fatal to the members of his house.

Globe Sights.

A noted writer says: "It is not death to die." We'd like to bet that it is.

If there is no joy back of it, don't try to smile. A sickly smile is a terrible thing.

"That man," said a citizen today, speaking of an enemy, "would kill you when he wasn't mad."

If you insist upon being a worm, don't be surprised if people go out of their way to plant a foot on you.

Have any you sense? Look yourself over carefully, and be candid; have you not grave reason at least to feel suspicious?

Show us a letter from a girl in which she doesn't tell of anything new she is getting, and we can point to a case of unhappiness.

We have observed that the most worthless man in the community is the most careful man in the community in taking care of his life.

When people look over a program for an amateur concert, they are as surprised to see a new name as to see a change on a hotel bill of fare.

After a man's friends have listened to his trouble a certain length of time, they expect him to do something to get out of them, or quit talking about them.

It is never safe, when a woman is complaining of the way her husband treats her, to remind her of the days when she was afraid some other girl would get him.

—Acheson Globe.

How Canada Feels.

Have you ever felt as though you had been stepped on?

Have you ever felt as if your trousers had been unhooked?

Have you ever felt as if your nose were reddened, and at least one of your big bright eyes was blacked?

Have you ever felt that all the world laughed at you?

That you were getting one wide, gorgeous giggle?

Have you ever felt so small that any knot-hole would have given you enormous space to wriggle?

If you've had these various experiences: If such misery has ever come your way, you will understand—no need of further talking—

The feeling which is jarring Canada today! —Chicago Journal.

Once Was Enough.

Nearly every man who knows Russell Sage can tell a story about some kind of a financial transaction of his; but the stories in which Mr. Sage puts down a cent and takes up anything less are rare. This story is one of disappointment.

One day a young man of Mr. Sage's acquaintance—in fact, the grandson of an old friend of other days—approached him on the subject of the loan of \$10 for two weeks and got it. He promised faithfully to return the money at a stated hour, and the promise was as faithfully kept. Mr. Sage had very little to say when he gave up the ten, and quite as little when he got it back.

A week or ten days later, the young man came to see him again, and this time asked him for \$100, making all sorts of representations of what he would do with it. Mr. Sage refused to take it. The young man was surprised, not to say pained.

"Why," he exclaimed, "you know I'll pay it all right. Didn't I say I'd have that ten for you on Monday, and wasn't I there to the minute with it?"

Mr. Sage beamed softly on the grandson of his old friend.

"My boy," he said, with no trace of unkindness in his tone, "you disappointed me once, and I don't want you to do it again."

"I beg your pardon, I did not," argued the youth. "I said I would pay you back, and I did."

"Yes, yes, my boy," purred Mr. Sage, "you paid back the ten, and I never expected you would. Now, if I let you have a hundred, I should expect you to pay it back, and you wouldn't. One disappointment at my time of life is enough, my boy. Good-morning!"—Columbia Weekly.

Peace.

'Tis not in seeking
'Tis not in endless striving
Thy quest is found;
Be still and listen;
Be still and drink the quiet
Of all around.

Not for thy crying,
Not for thy loud beseeching
Will peace draw near;
Rest with palms folded;
Rest with thine eyelids fallen—
So! Peace is here.

—Edw. R. Still, in Indianapolis News.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

When a man kisses a girl he should do it so hard that she can forget twenty others that were only samples.

It is the meek little girl who blushes when the Ten Commandments are read in church that will be watching.

Nothing makes a girl quite so happy as to hear that one of her best friends lost all her nice wavy hair from a sickness.

A good place for a man to carry the lock of his wife's hair is in his pocketbook and his letters in his cigar case.

When a girl at a matinee catches the eye of one of the actors she feels as important as a man who opens a jacket with three aces.

—New York Press.

Tersely Told Facts Picked at Random